

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

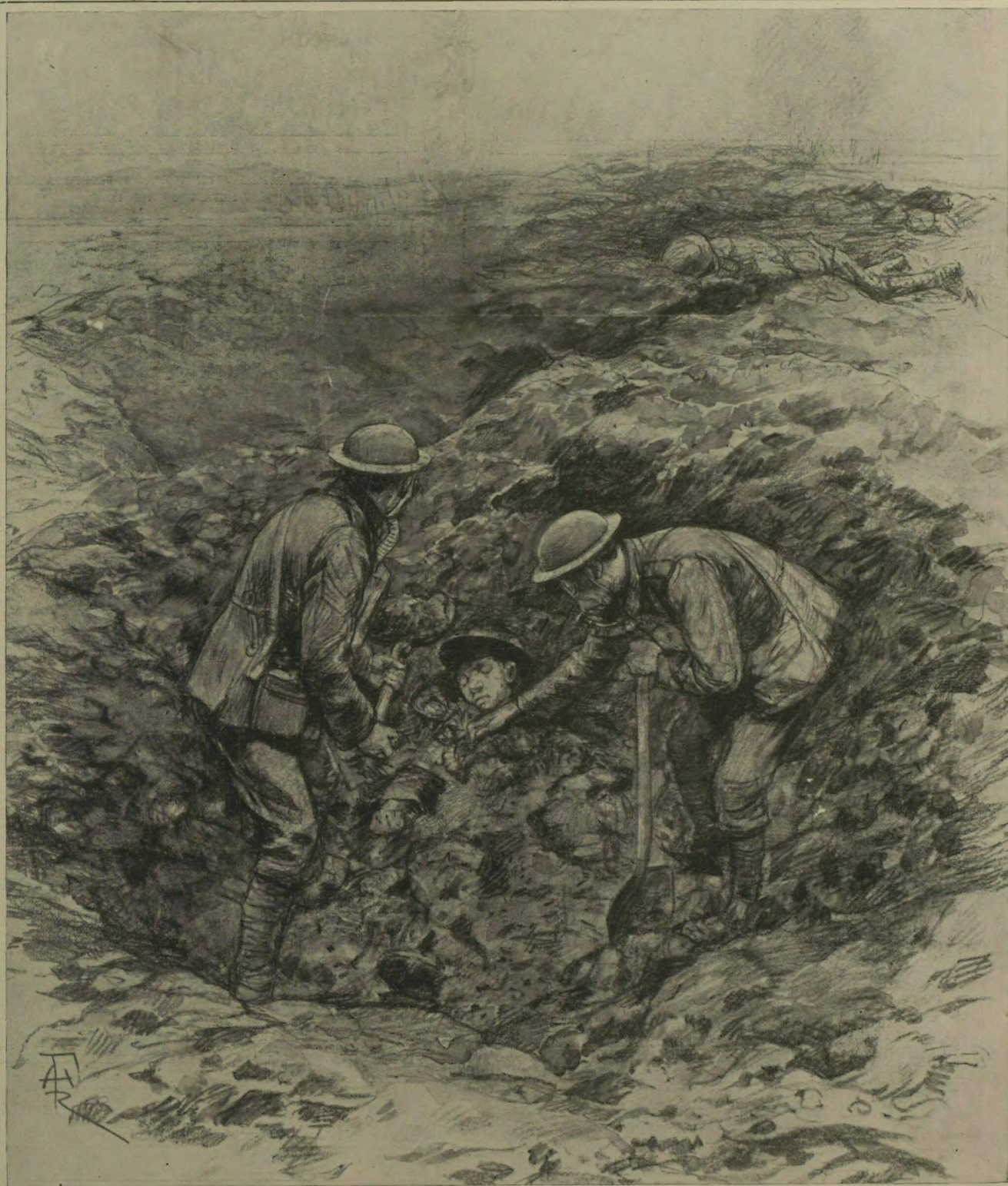
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THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A RESCUE FROM A SHELL-HOLE.

An actual incident of the great battle is here illustrated. A German shell had burst near a British artillery officer, killing a non-commissioned officer and two men near him, and throwing him into a shell-hole. A moment later, another shell struck the same

crater and buried the officer in the earth which it threw up. He was rendered unconscious; but fortunately the occurrence was witnessed by a Signalling Sergeant, who went to the rescue, and, with the aid of two Signallers, dug the officer out.

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THE GREAT BATTLE IN THE WEST: TROOPS, GUNS, AND REFUGEES ON THE BRITISH AND FRENCH FRONT.

BRITISH AND FRENCH

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



LATENT FORCE AWAITING ITS TURN TO COME INTO ACTION: BRITISH ARTILLERY RESTING BY A ROADSIDE.



BRITISH HEAVY ARTILLERY ON THE OISE FRONT: A COLUMN OF GUNS MOVING UP BY ROAD.



SOME OF OUR ARTILLERY THAT HAS CAUSED HUGE GERMAN LOSSES: BRITISH GUNS IN POSITION.



PREPARING TO STEM THE TIDE OF INVASION: BRITISH TROOPS BUILDING A BARRICADE IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.



READY TO DISPUTE THE ENEMY'S PASSAGE: BRITISH TROOPS ON GUARD AT A VILLAGE STREET-BARRICADE.



THE CIVILIAN POPULATION IN THE WAR-ZONE: REFUGEES ON THE ROAD NEAR THE OISE FRONT.



OX-DRAWN WAGON LOADS OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS: REFUGEES FROM THE OISE ON THE ROAD.



ON THE MARCH TO THEIR POSITIONS: A COLUMN OF BRITISH HEAVY GUNS MOVING UP.



THE SLEEP OF EXHAUSTION: GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH ON THE OISE.



"MEN WHO CAME BACK": A CHEERY PARTY ON THE SOMME.



OF BRITISH SOLDIERS ROUND A CAMP FIRE ON THE SOMME.



CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH ON THE OISE FRONT: A TYPICAL CROWD OF GERMAN PRISONERS.

The Germans have paid a terrible price for their advance, and one of their officers captured by the British at Ayette is reported to have said: "We shall want all the ground we can get to bury our dead." Considerable numbers of prisoners have been taken, both by our troops and the French, as some of the above photographs show. But worst of all for the enemy has been the execution done in his ranks by the artillery and machine-guns of the Allies. "As examples of the behaviour of our gunners," writes Mr. Perry Robinson, "there was the case of a battery of field-guns which fired with open sights on the advancing masses of the enemy, beginning from 800 yards' range downwards. They went on firing and literally mowing down the enemy in blocks till the Germans were within 25 yards, when the last gun was got away, and the whole battery was saved. In another case two batteries of 6-inch

howitzers, near Morchies, completely broke up a heavy German attack." The big guns have been fought with equal resolution and effect. "The roads," says a "Times" correspondent with the French forces on the Oise, "have been closed to all but the military, with one notable and pathetic exception—the troops of townsfolk and villagers whom it has been thought wise to evacuate, not only from the districts already occupied by the enemy, so far as that was possible, but also from a wide zone behind the actual front. . . . Astonishment fills me at the extraordinary cheerfulness and courage with which they accept their enforced exodus from their homes. But they all look forward to victory and a speedy return. That is the hope that not all the bombs of the enemy can drive out of their brave hearts."

FOOD CONDITIONS IN GERMANY.

By PERCY SHUTTLEWOOD.

IN Germany it is said to be impossible for people of moderate incomes to obtain the necessities of life by honest means, and corruption permeates the entire Food Administration. A recent investigation led to the discovery of three "bread-ticket factories," which were producing thousands of spurious bread-tickets. A large trade is also carried on in genuine bread-cards no longer current. These are manipulated with the connivance of bakers.

Discontent caused by high prices is not by any means confined to Socialists or the working classes. The Bavarian Towns Union informed the Government of the dangerous state of affairs, and requested it to use its whole influence with the competent Imperial offices with a view to reduction in prices. The "Harvest Victory" over Roumania yielded only 630,000 tons of grain, whereas Germany in peace time imported 5,500,000 tons annually; and Wallachia barely feeds the army of occupation. On Jan. 28, Von Braun, Under-State-Secretary of the War Food Bureau, said, "Whether there will again be a temporary reduction in the bread ration is not yet clear." The statistics of the Breslau slaughter-house show that in Breslau, between April 1, 1916, and March 31, 1917, 741 dogs were slaughtered for food.

Essentially German qualities of respect for authority are vanishing. Growing crops are guarded by troops, and it is a curious fact that there are 5,000,000 more bread-cards in Germany than there are people. In July, 7,000,000 pigs were killed in the Empire without authority. In Munich alone, up to November,

10,000 unjustified invalids' cards had been issued. Von Waldow, in December last, sent 700 "missionaries" into the country districts "to dispel this pernicious misunderstanding."

The German Socialist Press is apt to paint dark pictures of conditions in Germany, and we must be cautious in our deductions. For instance, the Berlin Workers' Food Committee unanimously decided in December last that "If there is no improvement in the matter of feeding, the men neither could nor would go on working." It is a fact that the men are still working, and are likely to continue, despite the state of increased privation. Dr. Dienemann, Medical Adviser of Health for Dresden, states that last harvest year the rations, apart from nursing mothers and children under eight, never furnished more than half the number of calories requisite for efficient maintenance. Indeed, it may be stated that a large proportion of the German people have been getting little better than half-rations for one-and-a-half years. This does not apply to the upper and upper-middle classes, and the armament workers.

None of the three important rations—bread, meat, and potatoes—is very secure, and all may be reduced, and the next three months will be the hardest time the Germans have yet experienced; but the occupied territories will have to be cleared before Germany gives in for reasons of physical sustenance. In December last, Dr. Alter, of the Berlin War Food Bureau, said, "Sugar will fill the gap caused by the food shortage." However, there have been great

difficulties over coal and labour for the refineries, and it is still doubtful how much will be refined; and the desired increase of ration has not yet been made. Fruit is stated to have been plentiful, and a good deal of jam has been made; and the authorities have promised that this year there will be no more than last winter's "War jam" made with kohl rabi and saccharine. Coffee is entirely, and eggs are practically, a thing of the past. Poultry of all kinds can only be obtained by the wealthy; and information from a German source elicits that, with regard to fish, no section of the food supply has proved so disappointing. Von Tilly, Director of the Parliamentary Fruit, and Vegetable Offices, has stated that there are no vegetables.

Two million Germans, over one-third of the civilian population, are being fed by the Public Kitchens, and many complaints have been made at the recent prices. Berlin is a city of contrasts. There is little bread and less milk, but champagne at £4 a bottle is freely consumed. Last year the rations were largely nominal, and it was quite uncertain as to whether they could be really obtained. On the whole, however, apart from milk and the cases of the Berlin and Magdeburg potato rations in January, the official rations appear to have been actually obtained of late. This probably means an improvement in the distributive organisation, and not a better food supply. Germany is not suffering from starvation, but a long-continued under-feeding. Any chance of amelioration depends on the Ukraine.

AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER POET: THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN.

By E. B. OSBORN.

MR. LEON GELLERT'S "Songs of a Campaign" has placed the author in Australia where Rupert Brooke stands in England and Alan Seeger in America. There is a manifold resemblance between all three soldier poets, of whom only the first-named survives—broken yet undaunted, and still eager to fight once more on the ringing shores of Troy.

All three were young and all-questioning; all three loathed war beyond words, yet saw that they must sacrifice all they had been—all they might be—in Nature's august experiment which is to determine whether the world is to belong to men or Germans; and all three were called to the poetry of action, a new vocation, by a voice out of far ages.

Between Alan Seeger and his Australian comrade in arms and art there is yet another point of comparison. Both steeped their souls in sub-tropical sunshine, and have not a trace of the cold, calculating, self-critical spirit of the North (so often incarnate in some kind of a "Shorter Catechist") in their poetic disposition. Mexico made Alan Seeger a poet, and even when he wrote of Paris in the faint smoke of wood fires and of winter life in the bleak trenches of Champagne he took his colours from a Mexican palette, loaded with brilliant memories of the *terra fria* and the peacock waters, throbbing under a lofty sun, which are its antechamber. So also the Sydney poet remembers the blizzard-scoured or sun-vexed beaches of Gallipoli in terms of the heat-oppressed, weird wildernesses where the Australian—

Sombre, indomitable, wan,

snares the distances with iron trails, and slowly, surely, enters into possession of a continent apart.

Mr. Gellert's impressions of the great Gallipoli adventure took Australia by storm, and they ought to be better known—as yet they are hardly known at all—in the Mother-Country. Here is a little set of pictures of trench-life beyond Anzac Cove, where he got his wound, being one of the "dinkums," or first to volunteer for the war, which he reached by way of Egypt—

Men moving in a trench, in the clear noon,
Whetting their steel within the crumbling earth;
Men moving in a trench 'neath a new moon
That smiles with a slit mouth and has no mirth;
Men moving in a trench in the grey morn,
Lifting bodies on their clogged frames;
Men with narrow mouths thin-curved in scorn
That twist and fumble strangely at dead names.

For such men the war is a loop-hole into eternity; and they are neither glad nor sad at what they see there at the end of the timeless vista. The savage splendour of poppies in the corn (who reaped it?) is discerned through a periscope; they vanish at night-fall, but return, redder than ever, in the dawning; they are nodding symbols of the sultry magnificence of Australian scenery, with its songless birds and glowing, scentless flowers. Dying (in a stirring little lyric), he clutches the bitter, withering blossoms in his hand. The bleak Australian commonsense, which is not to be distracted from the ultimate issue by the pomp of circumstance (battle honours or the clang of trumpets or patriotic songs, or what-not), comes out

in many of his poems. The Australian V.C. has no joy in his decoration, knowing that others have done more, have given more, than he has—

"I wear a cross of bronze," he said,

"And men have told me I was brave."

He turned his head,

And, pointing to a grave,

"They told me that my work of war was done."

His fierce mouth set—

"And yet, and yet . . .

I have not won

That broken cross of wood!"

The Australian soldier in London who was asked by a Lady Busy where his home was, and replied "I'm at home when my hat's on," defined the secret of his independence in six words. Yet in death—or, at any rate, after death—he would be remembered. So, looking on the valleys of Gallipoli when the far-reaching guns are silent, this poet is sadly proud to think that his dead comrades will not be utterly forgotten—

I sat there long and listened—all things listened too.

I heard the epics of a thousand trees;

A thousand waves I heard, and then I knew

The waves were very old, the trees were wise;

The dead would be remembered evermore—

The valiant dead that gazed upon the skies,

And slept in great battalions by the shore.

Yes; and these "Songs of a Campaign" will not be forgotten, for they mirror the mood of Australia's self-sacrifice, and have even now the grave and time-defying beauty of memorial.

ORGANISING THE SMALL PRODUCER.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

WE have in the countryside some hundreds of thousands of men and women who produce food on a small scale for themselves and their families. Now that the evenings are growing longer, and have borrowed an extra hour from the Legislature, the agricultural labourer, aided sometimes by wife and children, is indefatigable. His tea taken, he will work till darkness calls a halt. One of the problems of the countryside is to get him the best results from his labour. The farm-hand has been accustomed too long to save his own seed-potatoes for planting on the same ground year by year, to buy bad and cheap vegetable seeds from the village general store, to go without manure because of the difficulty of obtaining it, and to limit his efforts to the needs of his own family.

I would not suggest that the committee that engages a part of my spare time is in any way all it might be, but the work done for the benefit of a group of three villages is worth setting down as something upon which other committees may improve. We started by raising a small subscription among ourselves, taking over a couple of acres of derelict allotment ground, and getting the high rent that had been paid by agricultural labourers in years past halved. Then we invited a dozen agricultural labourers to join the committee and discuss every question freely with us. They came, but are still shy. Farmers helped to plough up and harrow the derelict land, after hard digging had been tried and found too slow and expensive. All labourers who care to do so were invited to work on the ground in their spare time at sixpence an hour. A village concert—

free from entertainment tax, as it was for a charitable purpose—gave us enough money to buy seed-potatoes from Scotland and manure, for the two acres. This ground has now been established as a common garden, and the proceeds, after all expenses are paid, will be devoted to the interests of the village. We expect to have the potatoes to sell, for the villagers will have all they want; but the profits will go to cheapen coal and other necessities, after providing for the cultivation and seeds for another year.

Our committee has also bought Scottish seed-potatoes by the ton for the village, and sells them by the bushel at cost price. The superphosphate and sulphate of ammonia are also purchased in bulk and sold at the price paid for them; so, too, are fruit-trees, of which some hundreds have been planted throughout the district.

Men are paid to work on the common garden, to dig up and cultivate the gardens of war-widows, to dig the gardens of their friends who have gone to the war. Information is given on a variety of subjects—potato spraying, rabbit-keeping, fruit-bottling, canning, and vegetarian cookery. A small sub-committee inspects allotments, and reports upon any waste or neglected land. Applications for allotments are received and dealt with. Questions relating to pig-keeping and goat-keeping have been considered, and, if those who are intended to benefit by the work done would but respond to the efforts on their behalf, a breath of new life would be stirring all the countryside. Unfortunately, it is very hard to organise the countryman. Each one

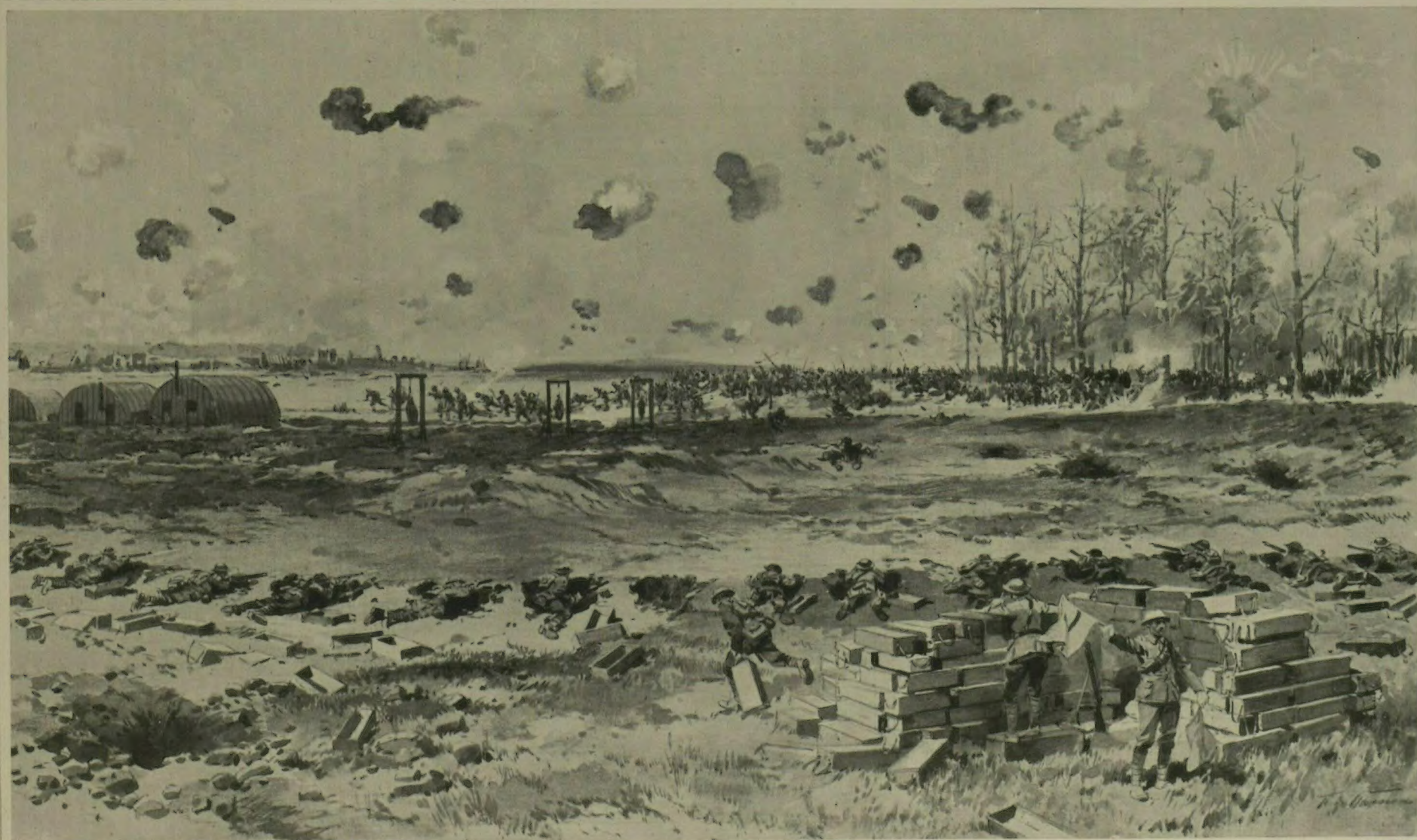
is satisfied with his own methods, and takes little or no interest in anything except in getting seeds and manures at advantageous prices. If his attitude down to the present were the index of what we have to expect in the future, the outlook would not be encouraging. But those of us who know the man we are trying to help believe that he will thaw when he finds that the committee has helped him to larger crops, and when he understands better than he does at present what the common garden stands for. Then, if all will work together, it is easily possible to run a pig club, a goat club, and a bee club; to keep a canning apparatus working through the summer; to provide a sprayer for fruit and potatoes, to turn a part of the common garden over to bush fruit, and to raise a store of fruit and vegetables to help a village kitchen in the winter time, to teach how vegetables may be cooked to advantage.

If every man with a little skill and a little spare time will but help, it should be possible to restore some of the lost village industries—basket-making, for example. The only trouble at present is that the work is a little too new for the average countryman. He has suspicions. He does not like new methods. Some of our people would not spray their potatoes last year because the sulphate of copper was marked "Poison." Why, they asked, should they destroy their crop before it was half-grown?

This is but one example of the difficulties that come to those of us who seek to guide the small producer into the right path. But we remain optimists.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: OPEN WARFARE—AN ACTION AT BUCQUOY.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



THE GALLANT STAND OF BRITISH INFANTRY AT BUCQUOY: A THIN KHAKI LINE POURING RIFLE AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE INTO ON-RUSHING GERMAN HORDES.

From the beginning of the great battle there has been heavy fighting at Bucquoy, a village on the Arras-Albert road, about midway between those towns. Our drawing illustrates one of the earlier actions near that village. A horde of German infantry is seen advancing from Longast Wood in the right background towards the Nissen huts and bayonet-practice gallows on the left, to capture the huts, beyond which, in the distance, are the ruins of Ablainzeville. In the foreground is a small body of British infantry, of whom there were only about fifty men and two officers engaged on this occasion. There was no trench,

but each man had dug himself in. They are firing into the German masses with rifles and Lewis guns. In the right foreground, behind a rampart of ammunition-boxes, is a British artillery officer watching the action and giving orders to his signaller to transmit to the battery behind. British shrapnel shells are seen bursting over Longast Wood on the right, from which the enemy are emerging, and also over Ablainzeville, on the left. The darker smoke-puffs in the centre are those of German black shrapnel. Two German sausage-balloons are in the air over Longast Wood.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE glorification of what is really glorious is at once too easy and too hard. The mere fact, for instance, that our soldiers, including our very new soldiers, have been fighting one against four, and sometimes one against ten, is a matter that may almost be left in the stark terms of the arithmetic which it defies. By an inevitable paradox, there is a reversal produced by repetition; and its very reality has the effect of unreality. Everybody feels it, and therefore everybody says it; and yet the mere fact of everybody saying it does not always conduce to everybody feeling it. We speak because we are sincere, and therefore we seem to be insincere. Nor can anyone reach the limits of legitimate praise, for they expand infinitely—not only outwards, but inwards. Such courage is something more than colossal—it is also minute; every inch that is fought for, every instant that is endured, is beyond anything but a divine measurement. It is best to take a detail here and there in the desperate struggle; and I think the image that will linger in many minds as a sort of legend is the incident of what has come to be called the Labour Battalion. It is unnecessary, I hope, to remind the reader that when the Fifth Army fell back from St. Quentin, a sort of scratch levy of labourers, clerks, coolies, and no-descript individuals furiously resisted the German rush, in a dark hour when driving storm seemed to have dimmed the star of England, and when, although it was no more than a thin line bent back in the far-off fields around a foreign town, it seemed to some that the whole huge foundations of our country rocked upon the floor of the sea. There were no more trustworthy soldiers in that tremendous time; and most of them were not, in the ordinary sense, soldiers at all.

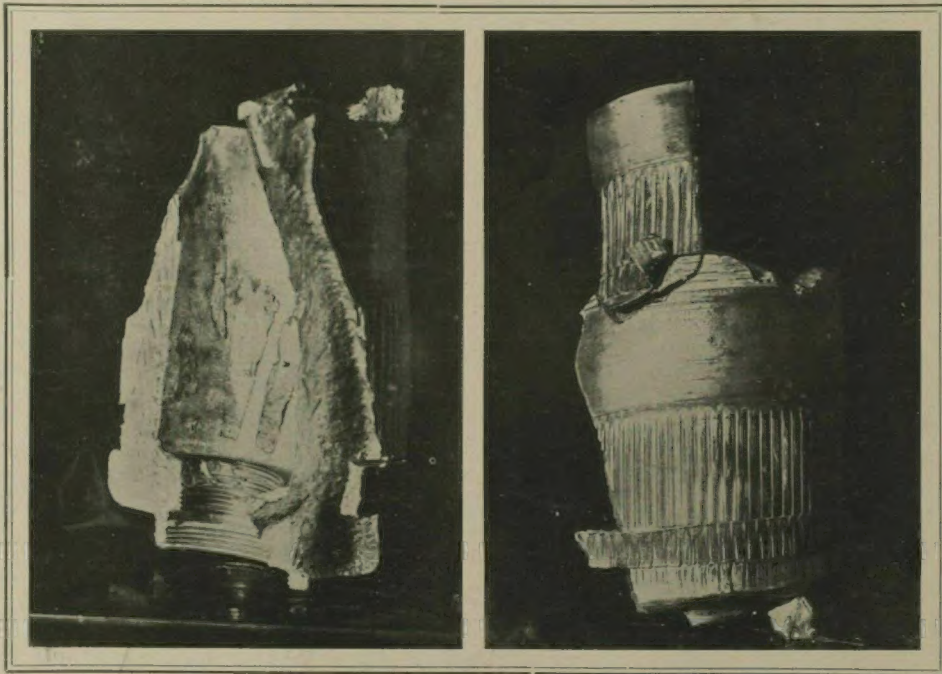
But it will be well, I think, to take this truth chiefly as the text of a truth yet larger. After all, it will be well to remember that nearly every battalion is a labour battalion. The commonest type in the trenches, the object of such wide and well-deserved praise in the Press and the public speeches, is, after all, identical with another type—a common object of the streets and the comic papers. The British soldier is generally our old friend the British working man. He has lived by trades that are too often treated as merely grimy or grotesque; and in the case of new and almost crude conscript armies, like those we have lately raised, he has generally quite recently dropped those tools and left those trades. It is the plumber, who is charged with pottering about for days before he stops a small leak in a pipe, who has often in a few minutes stopped with his body the breach in the last dyke of civilisation, lest it should let in a sea of savagery; and there may even be fewer jokes about his soldiering now they can be answered by a pun about his soldiering. It is the cabman, who was supposed to grumble at his fare, who does not grumble unduly at a very different sort of fare, and especially

at the sort we call warfare. The case is the same, of course, with the social prejudice which conceived him to be in a practically permanent state of intoxication. Here, again, the satire may in future be restricted or even retorted. Many a man has taken a cab because he was drunk; but it is not true that every man who drives a cab does so by that sole inspiration. The point to be noted in this connection is that nobody will say a man was drunk while he worked a machine-gun like an arm of precision; and nobody will deny that men can do without drink, when they are doing without food and sleep, and are ready to do without life at a moment's notice. And the purpose of the parenthesis is only to support the general truth, that many refined persons will do well to revise their moral estimate of the masses. It seems never to have occurred to some people to speculate about what all

emotions. In practice, it opens the very widest of all the gates of brotherhood; and through this gate at least even this unfortunate few may return into the city of fellowship. In such an experience as this, even the snob must discover how much the independence of his country simply means his dependence on his countrymen.

But there is another reason for realising all this that is highly practical just now. What the poor citizen wants is not merely charity, or even sympathy, still less regulation; it is respect, which is the social soil of self-respect. That is why he is sometimes happier as a soldier, in spite of all the sickening horrors of soldiering; because humanity always has respected, and always will respect, a soldier. But certain professional politicians, labelled Pacifists, have appeared in our decayed politics, who claim to be very universal merely because they cannot understand this universal feeling. They claim to be very advanced because they have not yet got far enough even to respect a common soldier, far less really to respect a common labourer. Their sect has at the moment shrunk into sheer invisibility, under the shock of the recent and repeated exposures of Prussia. As a school of thought, it cannot really survive two of them—the testimony of Lichnowsky to the way in which Prussia begins a war; the testimony of Trotsky to the way in which she ends it. Mr. Philip Snowden can only say feebly that a time will come (like the villain in the play)—a time when an English democracy, which does not agree with him, may carry his message to a German democracy which does not exist. This is far more of a fiasco than

the final attitude of Trotsky himself. It is simply self-evident that if the German populace would not move at what at least sounded like the trumpet-call of a successful popular leader like Trotsky, they are not likely to move at the piping voice of a particularly unpopular Parliamentarian like Mr. Snowden. If they would not rebel for what claimed to be a Russian majority, why should they rebel for a rapidly diminishing English minority? But, indeed, it is diminishing too rapidly to require any such arguments, and my argument is addressed elsewhere. Theories so thin and worthless, individuals so petty and pedantic, would never have had even this limited influence by their theories or their individualities. They were only visible at all because there has been a great gap or blank in our social consciousness, against which they have shown like little dots; and that blank has been the disregard of the dignity of the poor. They made a pretence of filling it, though they were not poor and not dignified. They seemed at least to be taking the people seriously, simply because they take everything stiffly and solemnly; but even from these pedants we can learn the lesson of not treating poverty merely as a joke. And poverty is in this like war—those may treat it as a joke who know it best as a tragedy.



THE LONG-RANGE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS: FRAGMENTS OF 210-MM. (8·4-INCH) SHELL FOUND IN THE CITY.

From fragments of the shells found, French artillery experts have pieced together evidence regarding the calibre of the mysterious guns with which the Germans have recently been bombarding Paris at a range of 74 miles. Directly a shot is fired, the supposed position of the gun is attacked by French heavy artillery and aeroplanes.—[French Official Photographs.]

the work of the world would be really like, if the poor were quite so idiotic or quite so irresponsible as they seem to suppose. Every house we live in would fall down, every train we travel in would go to smash, every chair we sit on would break (this does sometimes happen to chairs in my own experience, but I believe this to be personal experience), every boat would sink, every flock would stray, every furrow would run crooked—the whole framework of our earthly lives would fall to pieces in an instant. We may be thankful, though we have no particular reason to be proud, even if we have had to wait for the sword to teach us the truth about the ploughshare; if we have known little about the nature of tools till we have watched the management of weapons; if it has at last dawned upon us that a man who can deal with a war-horse may also know something about a cart-horse; and that, if a man is to be trusted with a trench-mortar, he might possibly be trusted with a wheelbarrow. There are not a few people, particularly in the artificial sections of the big towns, who are so puffed up with pride at the mere fact that they pay a man to do something that they forget that, in the nature of things, they only would pay a man to do something that they cannot do. But patriotism, so far from being the narrowest, is the broadest of all human

CO-ORDINATING THE ALLIED ARMIES: A GREAT FRENCH GENERAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEMAY.



"CHARGED . . . TO CO-ORDINATE THE ACTION OF THE ALLIED ARMIES ON THE WESTERN FRONT": GENERAL FOCH, THE VICTOR OF THE MARNE—HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

General Foch's new position was defined in a recent official statement by the Prime Minister. "The enemy," said Mr. Lloyd George, with reference to the great battle in France, "has had the incalculable advantage of fighting as one Army. To meet this the Allies have, since the battle began, taken a most important decision. With the cordial co-operation of the British and French Commanders-in-Chief, General Foch has been charged by the British, French, and American Governments to co-ordinate the action of the Allied Armies on the Western Front." Nor could any leader command greater

confidence than the brilliant strategist to whom was mainly due the great victory of the Marne in the first autumn of the war. Again, after the first German gas attack near Ypres, General Foch proved a tower of strength by the timely aid he brought to the British Army. He it was, also, who directed the French offensive on the Somme in 1916. Last November he was chosen as French representative, and more recently chairman, of the central military committee appointed to assist the Supreme Allied War Council. He was formerly for five years lecturer on strategy and tactics at the École de Guerre.

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT.

THE EXALTED TAILS.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

AMID the curiously mixed feelings engendered by recent events in France—depression at the setback over the old Somme battlefields being mingled with exaltation at the magnificent fight put up by the British Army against terrific odds—the most cheering thing of all is the unlimited success of the Royal Flying Corps, and of the Australian and Royal Naval Air Service Squadrons co-operating with it. There is no doubt about it; the Flying Services have had the time of their lives.

General Salmond's unconventional telegram to Lord Rothermere, the Air Minister, saying that "all ranks have their tails well up," expresses the situation precisely, if colloquially. When one looks back to those horrible periods of depression in 1915, when the Fokker monoplane had our people altogether at a disadvantage; and in 1916-17, when the Albatros biplanes had the upper hand of our best machines in France—although we had still better machines in England—the difference to-day is startling.

It was particularly gratifying to all of us who have been intimately concerned with the progress of Service flying from its very beginning to find that, if the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. as separate entities had to die a somewhat sudden death at the hands of their unnatural parents, the Admiralty and War Office, they were, at any rate, able to expire in a blaze of glory. One only hopes that the Royal Air Force, which has now risen Phoenix-like from their ashes, will carry on the good work.

The R.N.A.S. and the R.F.C. have died too young to leave behind them traditions such as those which pertain to our old line regiments. The men that fought at Mons, in the air, may have done as well as "the men that fought at Minden," but Mons is rather too close for the men who were there to have founded a tradition. Neither Flying Service can claim a distinction like that which entitles the Gloucesters to wear their helmet badges on the back as well as the front of their head-gear, nor like that for which a sailor wears three rows of white piping on his blue collar. Such things are the outcome of tradition, and build up *esprit de corps*.

In the change which has come about, the funny little fore- and -aft cap of the R.F.C. has been abolished, though many people liked it, so that distinction has been removed and has been replaced by a naval cap which nobody likes at all. Least of all do they like the manifold decorations on the front of it. The cap-badge proper consists of a brass bird, like that of the R.N.A.S., with a gold wire-wove crown, and below that are two strange gilt affairs which might be the crossed palm-branches of victory, though some humorous young officers insist that they are the olive-branches of peace, and others say that they are heraldically conventionalised bananas.

Personally, one has evolved the theory that they are intended to represent the up-lifted tails mentioned by General Salmond.

It is true that they were adopted as "sealed pattern" some weeks before the gallant performances which produced the historic interchange of telegrams between Lord Rothermere and the G.O.C.



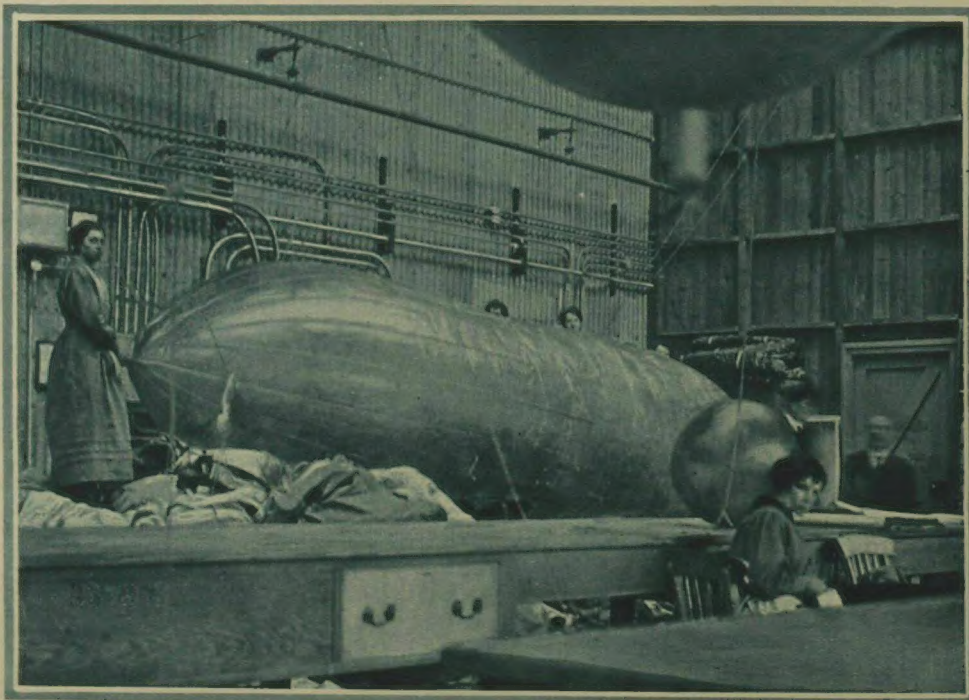
A GALLANT BRITISH AIRMAN AWARDED THE V.C.: CAPTAIN J. B. MCCUDDEN, WHO HAS ACCOUNTED FOR 54 ENEMY AEROPLANES. Of the 54 machines Capt. McCudden has brought down, 42 were definitely destroyed. He has shown exceptional skill and gallantry, not only in attacking, but also in protecting less experienced British airmen.

Photograph by Ferrington Photo. Co.

R.F.C. in France, but that merely shows intelligent anticipation on the part of the distinguished members of the Air Council which approved them. One's respect for the collective mentality of the Air Council is considerably increased thereby. It is well that the badge of the new Air Force should hand down the tradition that the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. expired with their tails well up.

Apropos badges and traditions, someone suggested the other day that the new R.A.F. should adopt as its motto the old R.F.C. motto, "Per Ardua ad Astra." It is a good motto, but it is a trifle lugubrious. It was coined and adopted at a time when the War Office did not think very highly of aircraft, and it embodied the feeling that the hardships through which the R.F.C. was to reach the stars were caused by departmental neglect quite as much as by physical hardship. Some weeks ago, in another place and in a frivolous moment, one suggested that the motto should be changed for "Sursum Cauda"—which is bog-Latin for "tails up." Promptly a literary purist jumped on the suggestion, ignoring the fact that a writer in *Punch* was the original perpetrator of the outrage, and remarking loftily that a little learning is a dangerous thing. A little knowledge of heraldry is, perhaps, as bad, for heraldry is full of abominable Latin and French twisted into punning mottoes to fit the idiosyncrasies of our ancient families. Therefore, though the suggested motto and the cap-decoration both antedate the G.O.C.'s telegram by weeks, all three might be combined to found a tradition for the Air Force. And they, together with the crown and the bird, could all be made into a smart metal cap-badge, neat but not gaudy, similar to those worn by the Army, and distinctly preferable to the metal, bullion, cloth, and braid mixture which is the present badge of the R.A.F.

Nothing is better evidence of the high moral of the Flying Services than the state of mind of the wounded and injured who have come home. If one did not know the type so well one would expect to find them at any rate a trifle depressed after flying over the area recently reoccupied by the Germans, and seeing Hun aviators in occupation of the aerodromes which had been their own homes a week or less before they were damaged; for it is remarkable how soon one comes to regard a tin hut on a bare plain as a home. As a matter of fact, however, the returned aviators are as cheerful as can be. According to them, they have had a gaudy time. Unlimited targets on the ground. Nothing to worry them seriously up above. And, before being knocked out themselves, they know that they have accounted for dozens, if not hundreds, of the enemy. Small wonder that in their accounts of the war one hears but little of what mishap accounted for their finding themselves in hospital, and a great deal about what the R.F.C. did to the enemy on the ground and in the air.



WOMEN'S WORK IN AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION: MAKING GOLDBEATER'S-SKIN BAGS TO LINE NON-RIGID AIRSHIPS. Enormous numbers of bullocks are required to supply enough goldbeater's skin for the lining of one airship.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A HEROIC FIGHT TO SAVE GUNS.

"DRAWN BY H. W. KOSKOEK FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS."



WHILE ROYAL FUSILIERS MANNED TRENCHES IN FRONT, AND HELD THE MASSED ENEMY: GUNS, NEARLY AT THEIR LAST SHELL, RESCUED BY HORSED TEAMS RUSHED UP.

A splendid incident in the Great Battle is shown here: the saving of two heroically defended guns through the fearless devotion of infantry—some 150 men of the Royal Fusiliers. It was at 8 p.m., in clear weather. Two 18-prs., reduced in action to two men to each gun and the C.O., were "sticking it" near Bapaume, the C.O. being unaware that Bapaume had been taken. They were surrounded and the Germans were crowding up in front, but the officer decided to hold on to his last shell. A heap of

used shell-cases is seen near the guns. In the nick of time the Fusiliers rushed up and occupied some sectional trenches in front: 8 or 10 men in each trench. Then gun-teams galloped up, limbered smartly, as seen, and the guns were rescued. They were still firing hard, and the last shell had not yet been used. The Fusiliers held off the massed Germans in front, seen to the right, until the guns had gone. Then they, too, retired, holding back the enemy as they went.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT BATTLE: FRENCH AND BRITISH DIVISIONS FIGHTING

OFFICIAL

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, BY REGIMENTS AND BATTALIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



HOLDING A HIGH ROAD BATTLEFIELD OUTPOST CONJOINTLY: BRITISH INFANTRY AND FRENCH CAVALRY AT A BARRICADE ACROSS THE ROADWAY.



AT A VILLAGE IN SUPPORT: FRENCH INFANTRY (RIGHT, LINED AGAINST THE WALLS) AND BRITISH INFANTRY (LEFT, LINED AGAINST THE WALLS).



PASSING THROUGH A FRENCH TRENCH-LINE BETWEEN BRITISH DIVISIONS: BRITISH WOUNDED BEING CARRIED THROUGH ALONG THE DEFENDED ROAD.



PASSING THROUGH A FRENCH TRENCH-LINE BETWEEN BRITISH DIVISIONS: BRITISH WOUNDED BEING CARRIED THROUGH ALONG THE DEFENDED ROAD.



TROOPS OF THE TWO ARMIES MOVING UP ALONG THE SAME ROAD: FRENCH INFANTRY, AND A BRITISH MOTOR-VAN PASSING ALONG.



A JOINT FRENCH AND BRITISH PATROL WORKING SUPPORTING BRITISH.



ON A ROAD: FRENCH CAVALRY AND A BRITISH INFANTRY DETACHMENT.



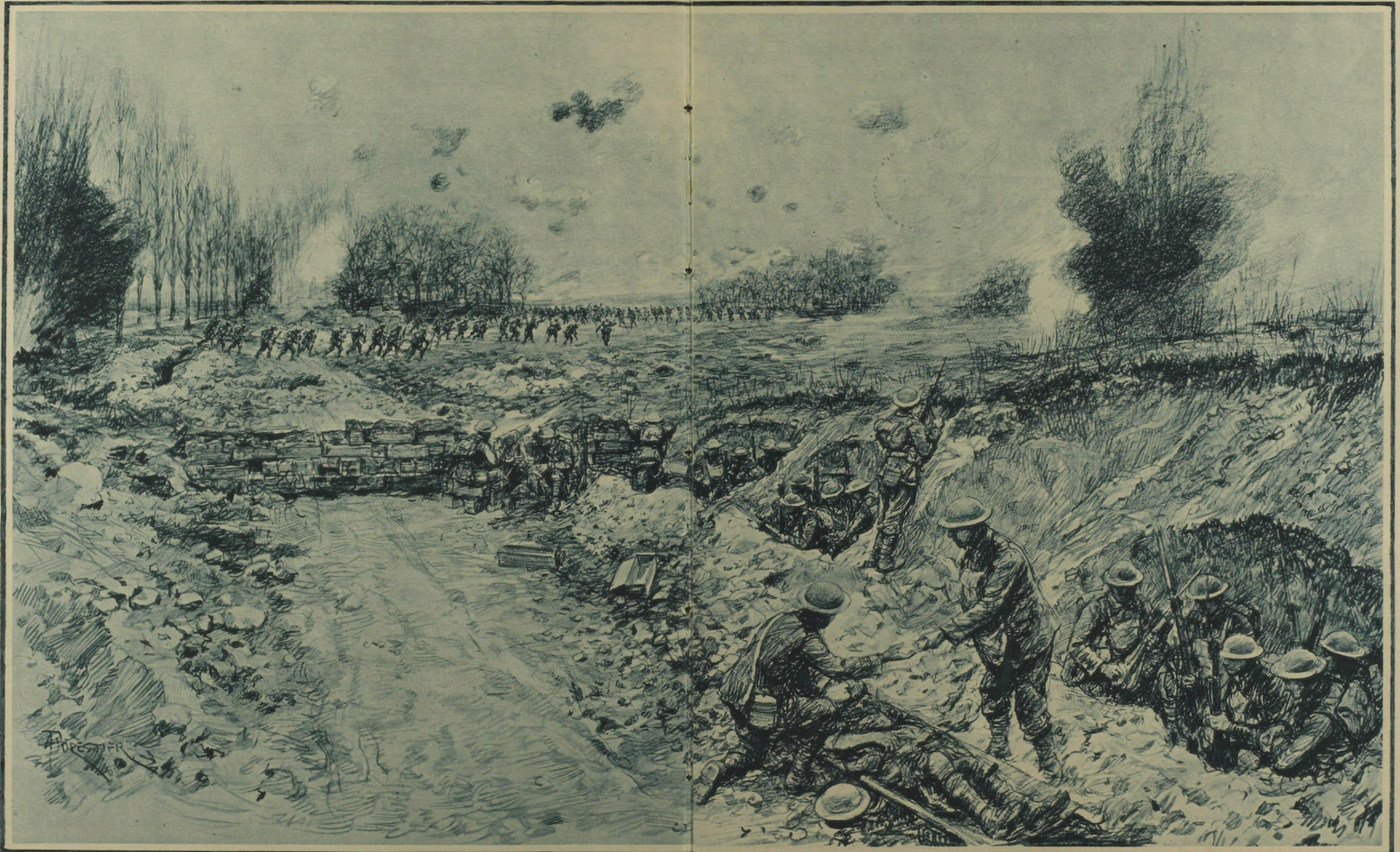
ON THE WAY TO WHERE REGIMENTS OF THE TWO NATIONS WERE ENGAGED SIDE BY SIDE: A FRENCH DETACHMENT, WITH BRITISH RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE.

In the fighting north of Bapaume and round Gemmeourt, on the night of Sunday, March 24, French divisions began to join in with our divisions engaged on that sector. "They were," notes the "Morning Post" correspondent, "fed in among our divisions, so that soldiers of the two countries were intermingled in the fighting of that night." Says the "Times" correspondent of the battle comradeship on the field between our own men and those of the French, fighting side by side, where the two Armies intermingle: "We are fighting as one Army. . . . The two Armies are working together in perfect and most complete unity. . . . Nothing could show better the comradeship existing between the French Armies and our own, and the extent to which they

appreciate the courage shown by our men during the battle," the correspondent of the "Times" mentions incidentally, "than the way in which the French pass on from one to another stories of particular British feats of arms which have come under their own notice." Says Mr. Philip Gibbs of what took place in one engagement: "Their splendid regiments came into the battlefield, mixing with our battalions and fighting in their midst." In addition to fighting side by side elsewhere, as the above illustrations depict, British and French soldiers, mounted and on foot, held roads, posts, and outlying pickets, and carried out patrol work together.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: OPEN FIGHTING BETWEEN BRITISH AND GERMAN INFANTRY AT BUCQUOY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



AT MUCH FOUGHT-FOR BUCQUOY: BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING TO MEET THE ONCOMING GERMAN MASSES, WITH MACHINE-GUN AND INFANTRY SUPPORTS.

As mentioned on another page in this number, the heavy fighting at Bucquoy, between Arras and Albert, has figured largely in the despatches describing the great battle on the Western Front. The above drawing shows, in the centre background, a German force advancing to the attack with the object of enfilading the road, which is a sunken byway meeting, and running parallel to, the main road that runs between the double line of poplars shown in the left background. A body of British troops is seen advancing to meet the Germans with the bayonet. In the foreground is a barricade across the by-road, with a British machine-gunner in action and an officer using his glasses a little to the right of him. In the nearer foreground

to the right are British infantry supports waiting in shelters dug out in the side of a bank, with a sentry standing up, while on the roadside in front of them a wounded man on a stretcher is receiving attention. A German shell is bursting on the further side of the embankment, and the air overhead is full of shrapnel shells, British and German, the latter recognisable by their black smoke. Regarding more recent actions in this section of the great battle, a British communiqué of April 7 said: "Fighting was very severe on many parts of this front as far north as Bucquoy."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"WHEN IT IS INSTANT DEATH TO MOVE A HAIR'S BREADTH": NIGHT RAIDERS MOTIONLESS BENEATH A VEREY LIGHT.

DRAWN BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK.



"A VEREY LIGHT HAS GONE UP FROM THE NERVY ENEMY": A NIGHT RAID—BRITISH SOLDIERS WAITING MOTIONLESS IN THE MUD OF NO MAN'S LAND TILL THE GLARE FADES.

Every trench-raid by night is a life-and-death adventure for the men engaged in it, and this drawing illustrates vividly one of the perils they have to face. It shows the party, or some of them, on their way to perform the particular business of the night. Most are armed with bombs, and they are accompanied by their covering bayonet men. The ground is typical of what these splendid men have to cover, or, rather, wade through: the débris, of both sides, of three years and a half of war, blasted and re-blasted to almost indescribable fragments of all sorts of things. The men wear their winter sheepskin coats and have woollen "helmets" on under their steel ones (mostly covered with the perfect camouflage of mud). They have to crawl through an uneven sea of squelching mire and tangled bits of barbed wire,

up and down through shell-holes—half-full of water and goodness knows what else!—at night. The picture shows them at the moment a Verrey light has gone up from the nervy enemy, and when it is instant death to move a hair's-breadth under such a dazzling and searching glare—no matter what position they happen to be in at the moment—till the light has dropped and burnt itself out, and all is instant darkness again, when they are able to proceed with their object (provided they have not been spotted). Such expeditions, told with official brevity in the communiqués, generally result in a few prisoners being brought in, with an occasional machine-gun or two, and, best of all, some valuable information.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"EVERYTHING WE HAVE IS YOURS": AMERICA'S SPLENDID

FRENCH AND BRITISH

TROOPS FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE WITH BRITISH AND FRENCH.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



AT AN AMERICAN CAMP IN FRANCE: A MACHINE-GUN COMPANY AT WORK.



LOOK-OUT DUTY IN THE FRONT LINE: A TYPICAL U.S. SOLDIER.



UNITED STATES TROOPS MACHINE-GUNS IN A



IN A FRONT-LINE DUG-OUT: A TYPICAL U.S. SOLDIER.



THE ARRIVAL OF UNITED STATES TROOPS IN THE WAR-ZONE: DETRAINING HORSES.



AMERICAN GUNNERS IN FRANCE: A LIGHT ARTILLERY SQUAD AT A PRACTICE RANGE BEHIND THE LINES.



A HALT ON THE ROAD: UNITED STATES FIELD ARTILLERY ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT IN FRANCE.



MAKING READY TO MEET THE GERMANS WITH COLD STEEL: AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN SHARPENING THEIR BAYONET-POINTS.



AN ADVANTAGE OF THE AMERICAN TYPE OF FOOT-GEAR: WASHING THEIR TOP-BOOTS AFTER A LONG MARCH TO THE LINES.



MOVING UP TO THE FRONT: A COLUMN OF UNITED STATES ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH ON A FRENCH ROAD.



ON THE MARCH THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE: UNITED STATES LIGHT ARTILLERY MOVING UP TO THE FRONT.

Under the inspiring lead of President Wilson, the spirit of the United States has risen nobly to meet the critical hour brought on by the great German Offensive on the Western Front. The President has made it clear that America is with her Allies heart and soul, and practical proof thereof has been given by her generous decision to allow American battalions to be brigaded with French and British units until they are in a position to form further divisions of their own. At the same time plans have been hastened to send over more troops with all possible despatch. The United States forces at the Front have already taken a gallant share in the stress of the great battle, as we know

from Sir Douglas Haig's message that "British, French, and American troops are fighting shoulder to shoulder." Nor could anything have been more heartening to the Allied High Command than General Pershing's magnanimous words to General Foch. "I have come to tell you," he said, "that America would feel itself greatly honoured if its troops were engaged in the present battle. There can be no other question than that of fighting. Infantry, artillery, air service—everything we have is yours. Dispose of us as you wish. Further men will come, as many as may be necessary."

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



THE SHELLING OF PARIS: GERMANY'S
LONG-RANGE GUN.

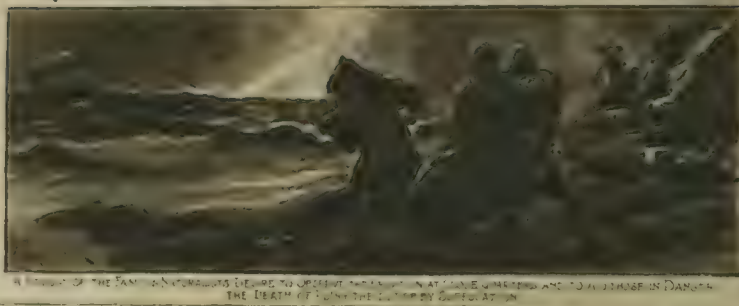
SCIENCE
JOTTINGS.

THE German has given us more than a few surprises in the present war. But nothing that he has done previously has so stimulated the popular imagination as the gun with which he shells Paris. At the commencement of the war his little trench-mortars, or *Minenwerfer*, showed that he had foreseen the possibility of sustained trench-warfare, even in a modern conflict; but the small disadvantage at which we were placed owing to the lack of similar weapons was soon remedied by the production of improved British types. Now he has proceeded to the other extreme of ballistic endeavour, and he has at least succeeded in raising a controversy among our gunnery experts which has never been excelled.

To obtain a clear perspective of what the German has accomplished, we should endeavour to put ourselves in his place. He has great faith in the psychological effect which he can produce among the peoples of the countries of his enemies by bringing the war into the homes of the civilian population. So he proceeds in his bombing from the air of unfortified places, and now the shelling of towns by high-velocity ordnance. In producing his new long-range gun the German had to consider the gunnery problem of throwing a projectile to a great distance. The first possibility which would strike him would be that of producing a big gun built on recognised lines. That is to say, he would endeavour to increase the diameter and weight of the shell of such guns as are usually classified as ships' guns. But here he was up against limitations.

The huge and powerful ships' guns of the present day are most ponderous weapons. Their weight is in the region of the 200-ton figure, and they throw projectiles approaching a ton in weight with a muzzle velocity of half a mile a second. When the German seeks to improve upon these figures he is faced with a difficult problem. It is weight and strength of material that tells. To improve upon his ships' guns he is confronted with the stern facts that, if he raises his calibre, the weight of gun and shell becomes greater than ordinary mountings can stand. Then, again, for the purpose in hand he wants a gun to mount on land.

That is what the German has not done. He has not produced a monster gun throwing a projectile of enormous weight seventy miles or more. If he had,



A PROJECT OF THE FANTASY OF THE FUTURE TO OBTAIN THE GUN AT THE SAME QUANTITY AND TO A GUN IN DANGER.
THE DEATH OF THE GUN BY THE GUN.

the wonder of such achievement would compel our honest admiration. Two years ago, a British artillery officer showed in the *Journal of the Royal Artillery* that a 20-inch gun, with a muzzle-velocity of 4400 feet per second, could throw a pointed shell of 4000 pounds' weight a distance of 100 miles, if elevated to 45 degrees. But he hesitated to tackle the tremendous mechanical and other problems involved in the production of such a great weapon. The ranging qualities of a gun depend primarily upon three factors—the muzzle velocity of the weapon, and the weight and diameter of the shell it fires. Given a high muzzle velocity, then the "ballistic efficiency" of the projectile, as measured by the other two factors named, determines the manner in which the velocity of the projectile can be maintained in its flight.

The much-to-be-desired solution of the problem of how to throw a heavy missile to a great distance not

small importance. And so the modest little

projectile of Krupp's latest "achievement of German science and German labour" is able to fly along at a rapid rate in the attenuated air space—for a time more than twenty miles above ground—covering the seventy miles or so in about three minutes. It descends upon Paris at an angle of about fifty-five degrees; but, so small is the bursting charge with which it can be filled that the destructive effect of its explosion is much less than a bomb of equal weight dropped from an aeroplane at much less expense and endeavour.

The muzzle velocity given to the shell is between 4000 and 5000 feet per second—probably more. This is an enormous speed—greater, maybe, than anything previously recorded. Its attainment involves the employment of a gun of very great length—say, seventy to eighty feet—and possibly the use of a new propellant. One plausible suggestion is that the gun of eight or nine inches calibre is mounted in a gun of heavier type, the chamber of the latter weapon being utilised for the burning of the propelling charge, with the enormous gas pressures produced.

The propelling charge used in modern guns—unlike gunpowder and dynamite, for instance—is a slow-burning explosive which gives a high pressure in the chamber of the gun, and pressures which gradually decrease to the muzzle. What is aimed at is to keep the pressure in the chamber down, and the pressure

behind the shell as it travels along the bore of the gun up as much as possible. So that, the more this can be assured, the lengthening of the gun means a greater velocity to the shell as it emerges from the muzzle. All the same, the high-pressures necessary involve much erosion of the barrel, and a consequent short life of the gun.

One or two other little facts are worthy of mention in connection with shooting long distances. Over such a range as seventy-four miles the curvature of the earth's surface is such that the gun is at a level over 3600 feet above its target. Descending at an angle of about fifty-five degrees, the projectile thus ranges about half-a-mile farther than it would if the range were horizontal. The surprise which the German has sprung upon us has set us all agog with excitement. But there is no reason why his achievement should not be equalled and excelled by us, if to do so were considered desirable.



ITS RANGE INCREASED BY THE NON-RESISTANCE OF THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE: A DIAGRAM OF THE TRAJECTORY
OF A LONG-RANGE GUN LIKE THAT USED AGAINST PARIS.

The lines radiating from a point outside the right margin give the altitudes in miles, the highest point on the trajectory being about twenty miles. The long curve is the path traced by the projectile. Mount Everest (drawn to scale), the loftiest measured peak in the world, is 29,002 ft. high. The density of the air is suggested by white dots. The distance from the gun to the objective is about seventy-five miles. This extraordinary range is said to be largely due to the diminished resistance offered by the air five or six miles above the earth's surface, the air density being imperceptible above, say, five miles. The lettering indicates: UC—upper clouds; CN—cumulus nimbus; IC—intermediate clouds; LC—lower clouds. (DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

being forthcoming, the German determines to see what he can do with a shell of moderate weight and diameter, propelled at a very high velocity. The latest information we have regarding the shell he is using is that it is of even more modest dimensions than at first reported. The projectile is said to be of but nine inches diameter and about two hundred pounds in weight—truly not a very formidable artillery missile in these days of large calibres.

Such a small shell as this, if fired at a low elevation, even though a high velocity were used, would not range very far. The powerful resistance of the air near the ground would quickly diminish its momentum. But if it has a sharp-pointed head, and is fired at a high elevation—say, about fifty degrees—with a high initial speed, it quickly reaches more attenuated air levels, where its progress is much less interfered with. Its "ballistic efficiency" is increased tenfold and more, and the air resistance to be met becomes of very

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THE EX-TSAR NICHOLAS II.

"THE Last of the Romanoffs" is one of those books which are very difficult to review, on account of the extraordinary and apparently inextricable mixture of truth and error they contain. M. Charles Rivet is a Frenchman



COMMISSIONER FOR THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY IN HOLLAND: MR. FRANCIS M. VOULES.

who went to Russia in 1901 in a scholastic capacity, and drifted into journalism, becoming the correspondent of no less important papers than the *Paris Temps* and the *Illustration*. He has lived through the Russian Revolution, and the events which preceded them; and he was evidently in touch with the right people, and used his eyes and ears to the best advantage. Possessed of brilliant parts and a clear and logical brain, he has produced a lucid and entertaining record of the events he saw. His description of the Rasputin episode, for instance, is both vivid and discreet. M. Rivet is a *raconteur* who, while scrupulously honest, is nevertheless bright and amusing, and knows how to serve up his narrative of facts with the right amount of Gallic wit, and the *sauce tartare* of imagination. It is when M. Rivet deals with matters of history, with events which occurred prior to his arrival in Russia,

that his veritable gift of inaccuracy plays him so many treacherous tricks. For instance, he says that "the first years which followed the accession of Nicholas II. passed away without the new Sovereign showing his intentions." This sentence, although, perhaps, somewhat infelicitously expressed in English, is nevertheless substantially correct. When, however, M. Rivet proceeds to illustrate this general statement by a particular example, he makes what our American cousins would call a bad break. "But a day came, in 1901, when the Tsar showed himself, as he was to be ever after, uncompromising with regard to the nature of his power. He was receiving deputations from the Zemstvos, and was handed by the delegates from Tver a petition asking him to grant a few mild liberties. Having read it, he became angry, and he dismissed the over-bold delegates, saying: 'I beg you, gentlemen, to abandon such senseless dreams.'" This incident occurred, not in 1901, but almost immediately after his accession, and the words were spoken to the deputies of the nobles of all Russia, not to the Zemstvo of Tver; nor was it the Zemstvo, but the nobles, of Tver who had ventured to petition the Emperor for some form of representative government. In the main, however, the story is correct enough: it is in the details that the author is inaccurate. On the other hand, his account of the revolution is excellent. He shows the view recently so eloquently expressed by Sir George Buchanan before the United Russia Societies Association, that Nicholas II. was no traitor. M. Rivet confirms the general belief that Nicholas II. was not the man to forget his solemn promises to his Allies. "Let us do him justice in this," he adds. The illustrations to the book are good, and the intimate knowledge M. Rivet reveals of the lives of the principal actors in this section of contemporary history gives an illuminating interest and value to the work. The book is published by Constable.

BRITISH RED CROSS WORK IN HOLLAND.

AN interesting account of the admirable work being carried on by the British Red Cross in Holland on behalf of the interned soldiers and civilians has been given by Mr. Francis M. Voules, who came home on leave the

other day from The Hague. Mr. Voules was appointed Commissioner for the British Red Cross Society in Holland in November last, and at once took in hand the organisation of the work there.

Hospitals have been equipped and organised for the reception of cases requiring hospital treatment, and already a considerable number of patients have been received. Connected with this branch of the work, arrangements have been made for the treatment of dental cases, of which there are a large number. Both officers and men were very anxious on arrival, as soon as they had had a rest, to take up some form of employment; and Mr. Voules organised many activities, including language classes, carpenter's shop, tailor's and shoemaker's shops, classes in motor mechanics, surgical-instrument factory, watch-repairing, and cinematograph operators. Further occupations will be started shortly, such as printing, telegraphy, shorthand, book-keeping, leather-bag making, and various handicrafts. A number of officers and men have particularly asked to be given occupation on the land, and arrangements have already been put in hand, in order that this class of work could be undertaken on farms in the farming districts in Holland.



THE GREAT BATTLE: A TANK PASSING THROUGH A BURNING VILLAGE. Official Photograph.

Mr. Voules, who is a son of Sir Gordon Voules, is a well-known personality in the City. He is devoting all his time to his new work.

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Lyndwood Affair."

Miss Una Silberrad has written "The Lyndwood Affair" (Hutchinson) to rule, her own austere and self-imposed rule. A mystery of the death-bed without a Sherlock Holmes, or blood-and-thunder, is a perfectly sound scheme; but if the crime turns out to be no crime, you have disillusion, which is a poor reward for patient plodding through a novel where the wings of sensation are so ruthlessly clipped. It would have suited the books of Mr. Bond to discover that Lady Lyndwood had been murdered. He set inquiries afoot; and jealousy, greed, and suspicion went hand in hand with the suggestions that certain circumstances had started. Murder, however, is less common than misadventure. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has reminded us that the chink in the armour of civilisation is the assumption that murder will not happen; but it is an assumption well based, and seldom falsified. Miss Silberrad shows us how natural it was that Lady Lyndwood should have met her death by an accident; and the affair turns out not really to be much of an affair. The victim was a superfluous and unpleasant young woman,

it is a satisfactory end and explanation. But nobody wants to be calm when there might be thrills about; and thrills are surely the essence of an Affair.

"The Island Mystery."

This is not the island of "Spanish Gold," and, although Gorman is an Irishman and plays a leading part, there is no red-headed clergyman, no Mary Kate, and no buried treasure. George Birmingham has no intention of plagiarising his own work; nor need he, since the resources of his cheerful imagination remain at his disposal. "The Island Mystery" (Methuen) is very good fun, and provides, over and over again, those sure, shrewd flashes of humour which are the savour of Canon Hannay's novels. A king of burlesque, an American millionaire who can—and does—buy a crown for his daughter, and a gallant young merchant-service officer provide the chief masculine interest; but they are thrown in the shade by Queen Daisy (of the U.S.A.) and her delightful handmaid, Kalliope of the island. We

take it that the author's purpose has been to give us something to laugh over, or, perhaps, more particularly to set laughing the men for whom it is so great a privilege to provide entertainment—the great and splendid company in hospitals and rest-camps. It is an enviable thing to be able to write such a book as "The Island Mystery" in these days of pain and anxiety, and to know, as George Birmingham should surely know, that his happy art is serving its purpose. Do you want to hear a wounded man chuckle? Give him "The Island Mystery," and linger (and hold your tongue) till he gets well into it.

It is in Spring, the freshest, most beautiful season of the year, that the desirability of freshening up the house, and the health, makes special appeal to all lovers of cleanliness and comfort, both personal and domestic. An answer to this appeal may be found by enlisting the aid of that excellent ally, familiar to all good housewives, Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia, so indispensable to the annual spring cleaning which keeps the house healthy. "Scrubb's" is also a useful addition to the bath, a small quantity in the water increasing its agreeable and cleansing qualities. Spring, in a word, is the season *par excellence* when Scrubb's Ammonia becomes invaluable.

Oxford does well to encourage her younger singers, for even in these stern days poetry has its value, and often fulfils the poet's dictum that "the song that nerves a nation's heart is in itself a deed." The latest addition to the Oxford Poetry Series, a small book called "Oxford Poetry, 1917" (Blackwell), contains forty-six short pieces by thirty-five different authors, including several women,



THE GREAT BATTLE: A BRITISH PILOT AND OBSERVER BRINGING IN THEIR REPORT AS TO THE POSITION OF THE ENEMY.—[Official Photograph.]

of whom her world was well rid. The aristocratic Lyndwood family, by refusing to be stampeded by Mr. Bond, conveys such an impression of unruffled calm to the reader that the first joyous anticipation of darkling mystery subsides into a positive indifference to the course of the story. This is a pity; because when the end comes,



THE GREAT BATTLE: A GERMAN SCOUT AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN OVER OUR LINES.—[Official Photograph.]

the "name and college" being given in each case. The poems vary considerably in merit; among the best are "The Meeting," by C. J. Druce (Non-Coll.); "Sed Miles" by U. Ellis-Fermor (Somerville); "Return," by H. C. Harwood (Balliol); but we like best of all a little piece in Irish dialect by L. A. G. Strong (Wadham), entitled "The Bait-Digger's Son."

Education, like most other things to-day, is in the melting-pot, and, before it is moulded into new forms, those who have the shaping thereof might do well to read a little book presenting the views and experiences of a typical high-school mistress on our present system of secondary education for girls. "The Compleat School-marm," by Helen Hamilton (Blackwell, Oxford), the book referred to, is a satirical account in *vers libre* of the whole career of a studious girl through her school and college days until she became a head-mistress herself. The tone is frankly discontented and pessimistic; many will find the picture distorted, even incorrect—and doubtless the colours were intentionally laid on thick. The author's contentions, however, probably contain an element of truth; and, in so far as they are true, modern opinion will certainly be with her in condemning the evils she describes.

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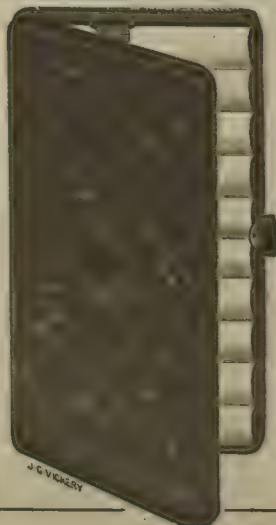
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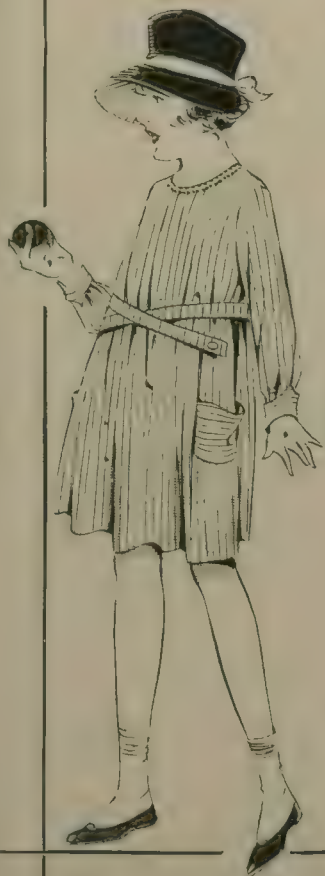
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The military boots too, both

high leg and low leg, are in short supply, so short that officers may unfortunately have to wait a few weeks for delivery after placing their orders.

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LITERATURE.

"Beyond the Rhine." If the Channel suddenly became infested with sharks, or if apes and tigers appeared in Epping Forest, our interest in the life habits of these creatures would be considerably stimulated. The war has had a similar effect upon us in regard to the Germans. We have become curious to know, in the words of Mr. Chesterton, "how such a spiritual swamp came to spread and stink between the Rhine and the Neva." Few people can be better qualified to explain the phenomenon than M. Marc Henry, the author of "Beyond the Rhine" (Constable), sub-titled "Memories of Art and Life in Germany Before the War," and now accessible to British readers in this excellent translation. The name of the translator is not mentioned. Any study of pre-war Germany by a Frenchman is bound to be interesting, and the interest becomes absorbing when, like M. Henry, he is one who has lived and travelled all over that country for twenty years, and, as lecturer, publisher, and theatrical director, has been in close personal

to France again, and from the first mobilisation I have done the duty that every Frenchman knows how to do." M. Henry has arranged his German reminiscences, not chronologically, but in eight chapters giving vivid and anecdotal pictures, full of insight, wit, and humour, of various aspects of German life—on the Armenian question; Socialism; art; women; everyday affairs; Jews; students, officers, and police; and the "Vanity Fair" of Society and its amusements. His pages teem with good stories and mordant criticism of the moral and mental blight that has corrupted the nation under the Hohenzollern régime. His only good word is for the German organisation of such matters as housing, rents, postal, telephone, lighting, and travelling services, and municipal affairs generally. On the intellectual side he finds only bombast, bad taste, commercialism, and insincerity. M. Henry's exposure of the banality of German art and drama, with its spectacular monstrosities, the strident freaks of Richard Strauss, and the antics of certain apostles of physical culture makes one realise, with a shudder of relief, how near British taste came, shortly before the war, to being vulgarised by such German influences. M. Henry's book is one that all should read.

Dumas for British Readers.

Since the French and ourselves became brothers-in-arms, it is more than ever appropriate that British readers should extend their acquaintance with the masterpieces of French Literature. It may be hoped that to-day many more will be able to read them in the original; but for those who have not yet acquired sufficient knowledge of French, good English translations of French classics are available. There is no more fascinating French writer than Alexandre Dumas the elder, and much has been done of late years in this country by Mr. Robert Garnett, who has made us realise that there are many other books of Dumas worth reading besides the familiar favourites such as the "Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo." Mr. Garnett has now added another to his series of excellent translations from Dumas, under

the title of "Love and Liberty," or "Nelson at Naples" (Stanley Paul). The new book is an English version of Dumas' romance of the Neapolitan Revolution, "La San Felice," a most damning indictment of the tyranny of the Bourbon King, Ferdinand of Naples. This work is of especial interest to British readers on account of Nelson's participation in those stirring events. It was not one of the happiest episodes in his career, but, as Mr. Garnett says in his interesting introduction: "Everything in connection with Nelson must be for ever interesting—to his countrymen especially, and all sensible Britons will agree that, for the sake of posterity, the sponge must not be lightly passed over the dark, or even doubtful, episodes in our hero's life. . . . Fortunately, and we say this emphatically—it is not necessary to believe that Southey and Dumas (whose opinions are practically identical), any more than the later Continental writers, have said by any means the last word on the episode of the 'Conditional' Surrender of the Patriots. It may be that papers will yet be discovered, perhaps at Palermo, which will put some part of Nelson's actions in a favourable light." Dumas shows no vindictive bias against Nelson, to whose greatness he pays generous tribute, and this famous romance is well worth reading both for its historical element and as a moving story. To-day, in particular, there is no danger that the name and fame of Nelson will suffer in his countrymen's esteem.

A SUCCESSFUL WORKER FOR WELSH REGIMENTS: MR. G. A. SAWYER.

Mr. Sawyer has just collected £15,500 for Mrs. Lloyd George's fund for providing comforts for Welsh regiments. It is interesting to note that the organising expenses have been only a fraction over one per cent., and the cost of flags, boxes, trays, etc., amount to nine per cent., the total expenses thus being ten per cent., which is exceedingly satisfactory. Mr. Sawyer's view is that all flag days should be, where possible, conducted on strictly honorary lines. He is now busy organising a matinee with Lady (Mildred) Rees in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. It takes place on April 19.



THE GREAT BATTLE: BRITISH AEROPLANES BY THE ROADSIDE, READY TO BRING REPORTS OF THE ENEMY'S POSITIONS.—(Official Photograph.)

touch with a group of writers and artists endeavouring to promote a more liberal spirit, and has met or observed most of the leaders of German life and thought, while retaining throughout all his French ideals and patriotism. In a short autobiographical prologue—not the least attractive portion of his volume—he says: "War brought me back

to popularise his work in this country by Mr. Robert Garnett, who has made us realise that there are many other books of Dumas worth reading besides the familiar favourites such as the "Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo." Mr. Garnett has now added another to his series of excellent translations from Dumas, under

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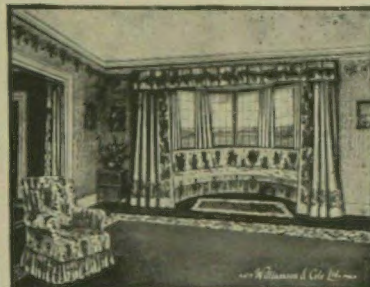
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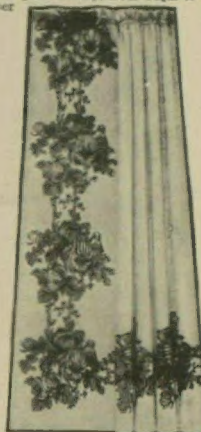
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A CAR THAT BEAT A MAIL-TRAIN: MR. BOYD EDKINS AND HIS VAUXHALL MOTOR.

In December last Mr. Boyd Edkins created a new record with a 25-h.p. Vauxhall car, on the Brisbane-Sydney run, beating the mail-train by 37 minutes.

motorist, in beating the fastest train time between Brisbane and Sydney. For quite a long while it has been the ambition of sporting motorists to better the time of the mail train between the two capitals, but until Mr. Edkins successfully lowered it last December no one had come within three hours of accomplishing the feat. The story of the record-making journey, as I have just received it by mail, is an interesting one, albeit one that gives rise to a feeling of envy of our Australian friends, whose motoring has been so little interfered with by the war that they have petrol and leisure to do these things. Apparently, the condition of the roads could hardly, for the most part, have been more unfavourable to fast time. There had been continuous rain for some weeks, and, after the weather cleared, there had not been sufficient traffic over the roads to smooth out the bad places. Over such stretches of highway as the road over Spicer's Gap soon after leaving Brisbane, it was not possible to drive at more than ten miles an hour; while many of the creeks on the Spicer's Mountain were veritable bog-holes, which could only be

negotiated by rushing through them regardless of consequences. Then, between Spicer's Gap and Warwick, the black-cotton soil—I know that black soil—was as bad as it could be; but, despite the drawbacks, the first hundred miles was covered in 4 hours 30 min. The next ninety miles to Tenterfield occupied only 2 hours 40 min., although the going still remained bad; but from there the conditions improved, and a steady average of forty miles an hour was maintained as far as Tamworth, which was reached within schedule time. Then again poor conditions were encountered, the roads being bad, with innumerable sheep-gates, which caused a good deal of delay. However, good progress was made in spite of all, and Sydney was finally reached in 26 hours 3 min., against the train time of 26 hours 40 min., and a previous best motoring time of 29 hours 38 min. The distance between the two capitals is 650 miles, and Mr. Edkins writes that he believes the same car—a 25-h.p. Vauxhall—could, with better luck and a couple of months' absence of rain, do the journey in 20 hours.

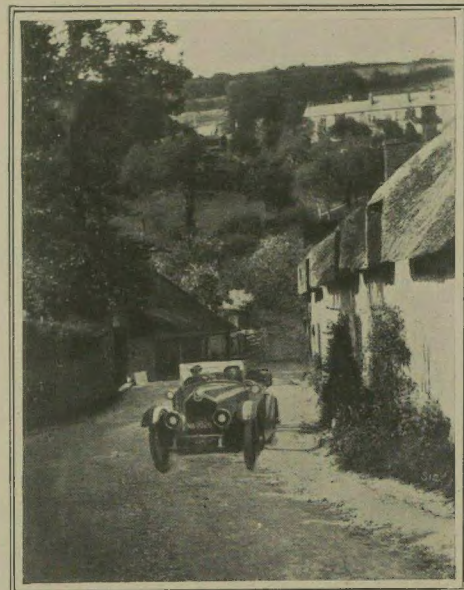
Taxation by Wheel-Base.

Apparently the local authorities in Canada have power to levy motor taxation in their own way. The powers that be in Alberta have recently introduced a novel method of arriving at a basis of car-taxation. Hitherto in that province the licence-fees have been based on horse-power rating, the tax being at the rate of fifty cents per horse-power per annum. In future, however, the tax is to be assessed on the length of wheel-base measured from hub-centre to hub-centre. The scale of annual payments is to be as follows: For a wheel-base not exceeding 8 ft. 4 in., 15 dols., with an additional 2.50 dols. for every additional five inches up to 27.50 dols.; not exceeding 10 ft. 10 in., 32.50 dols.; and not exceeding 11 ft. 3 in., 35 dols. Taxation by wheel-base seems at first sight to be a curious sort of method to adopt; but a further examination tends to indicate that it has unsuspected merits. Here in England it is generally agreed by motorists that the fairest and most logical method of taxation is by weight, on the principle that the greater the weight the greater the damage to the roads. But there are difficulties in taxation by weight. First of all, the taxable weight has to be rigidly defined, because it is obvious that the weight of a car is not exactly the same on any two days, depending on the nature of the journey to be undertaken, which governs to a great extent the load carried. It is clear that a weight basis would open the door to endless friction between taxpayer and assessor. Not that the question is incapable of adjustment; but there are, as I say, obvious difficulties. It seems to me, however, this idea of taxation on wheel-base supplies an essentially simple solution of the whole matter. The longer the wheel-base, the heavier the car will presumably be, and the heavier tax it should pay. Of course, there is still the difficulty that one chassis of a particular type will be finished with a light touring body, while a similar one will begin its experience of the road as a saloon; but that cannot be helped. It is quite outside the bounds of practice to devise

any system which will not present anomalies; but what is really wanted is a constant which will give the most all-round satisfaction, and it seems to me the Alberta people have come nearer to finding it than anyone else has done up to now.

Ubiquity!

Originally designed to overcome the fatigue attendant on tyre-inflation—in which capacity it still stands unchallenged—the Wood-Milne patent foot-pump has, during the war, proved itself of great value in a host of operations, which bid fair to extend almost indefinitely its sphere of utility. For example, these pumps are being used in engineers' machine-shops for forced lubricating and testing, for inflating air-beds in hospitals, for tea and potato plant spraying; for testing radiators and tanks on motors, in the art studio for aerograph work, and in the dental mechanics' shop. These are but a few of their uses.—W. W.



IN A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE: THE UBIQUITOUS CROSSLEY.

Our photograph shows one of the admirable Crossley motors touring through a beautiful bit of Devon, which recalls the old song: "Coomb and tor, green meadow and lane, Birds on the waving bough; Beating cliffs by the surging main, Rich red loam from the plough." It is a pleasant reminder that summer and the touring season are on the way.

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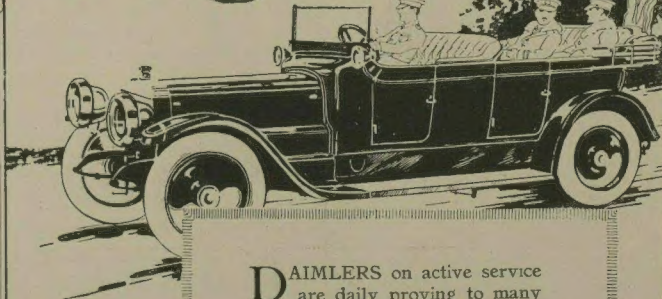


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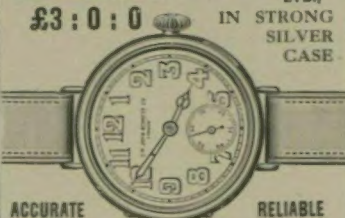
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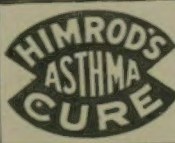
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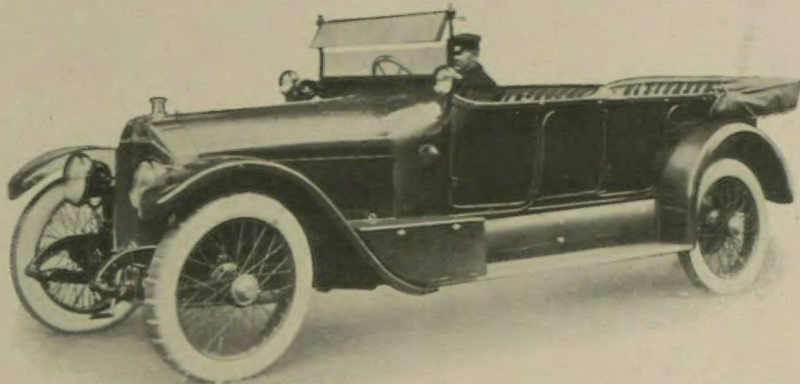
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CHESS.

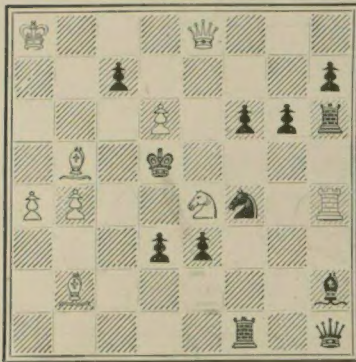
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3781.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

- WHITE
1. B to Kt 8th
2. Mate accordingly.
- BLACK
Any move

PROBLEM No. 3783.—By A. M. SPARKS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NORWAY.

Game played in the Norwegian National Chess Tournament, between Messrs. BERNDSSON and SMEDAL.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. S.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to Q 4th

This combination of the Four Knights Game with the Scotch Gambit is not favoured by experts; and there are few examples of it in master-play. It is too venturesome for the character of the Four Knights opening.

4. Kt takes P P takes P
5. B to K 3rd B to K 2nd
6. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
7. B to Q 3rd Castles
8. P to K R 3rd R to K sq
9. Castles B to B sq
10. P to B 4th

A rather hazardous advance, which might have cost him dearly if properly met. It leaves his K P and centre dangerously weak.

The attack is now very strong, and needs to be carefully met. The reply is R to B sq; but Black may be pardoned for not seeing what was to come.

11. Q to B 3rd B to K Kt 2nd
12. P to B 5th B to Kt 2nd
13. B to Kt 5th P to K R 3rd
14. B to Q 2nd Kt to Q 2nd
15. P takes P P takes P
16. Q to B 7th (ch) K to R 2nd
17. Q takes P (ch)

A beautiful and perfectly sound sacrifice. Whatever Black may do, there is no escape from mate in a few moves.

18. K takes Q
19. P to K 5 (disch) K to R 4th
20. R to B 5 (ch) Q to Kt 4th
21. P to Kt 4 (ch) K to R 5th
22. R takes Q R takes P
23. R takes B, and White wins.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3770 received from Dr. G. L. Godbole (Radanpur, India); of No. 3771 from Dr. G. L. Godbole and J. F. Cohn (Natal); of No. 3775 from J. B. Camara (Madeira) and J. Evans (Malta); of No. 3776 from J. B. Camara; of No. 3780 from Esperantisto, J. Isaacson (Liverpool); of No. 3781 from J. Isaacson, J. C. Gennell (Campbelltown), N. R. Dharmavir (Padiham), W. R. Tebbis, E. J. Gibbs, R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), Devoe (Newton Abbot), S. C. Spooner (Havant), Corpl. Larvor, Captain Chalfie (Great Yarmouth), Rev. G. Street (Telscombe), W. S. Leslie (Edinburgh), J. F. Turner (Clapham), F. Horner and M. Harley (Tavistock).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3782 received from G. Stillington (Seaford), J. S. Ford (Brighton), J. Fowlr, A. H. H. (Bath), J. Dixon (Chelmsford), and H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), G. Soire (Stowhaven), F. R. Gittins (Birmingham), J. Isaacson, A. W. Hamilton-G. II (Exeter), J. Christie (Birlingham), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), R. M. Munro, F. Drakeford, H. A. Haskell, J. M. Ingram, H. S. Brandreth, M. E. Orlew (Bournemouth), and E. A. French (Lymington).

THE PLAYHOUSES.

LIGHT FARE AT THE NEW THEATRE.

IF light fare makes your ideal war programme, then Mr. Dion Boucicault has tried for it at the New this April; and if an audience's laughter is a test of successful effort, he has not merely tried, but got the right thing. His latest bill starts with a pleasing little mime-play, for the scheme of which Sir Arthur Pinero is responsible. Its heroine is a Cinderella up to date, compelled to look after the home in these stirring war-days, while her three sisters are privileged to do war-work. How Monica finds her "Blue Boy," how her relatives interfere, but are disarmed, let playgoers discover for themselves. Sir Frederick Cowen's is the happiest of scores—hints and snatches of music delightfully treated; and Miss Mary Glynne's dainty Cinderella is matched in charm by the genial compositeness of Mr. Eric Lewis's paterfamilias. "Monica's Blue Boy," then, began the evening well. And, on the whole, the "April folly" of Mr. A. A. Milne kept up the key of gaiety. A very different heroine this of "Belinda" from Monica, one of your frivolous, harmlessly naughty mothers who are younger than their daughters, and must, in default of a husband, find love, or the pretence of it, elsewhere. Belinda's husband banged the door behind him after six months of marriage, and never turned up again till nearly twenty years afterwards. He didn't know that she was expecting a baby girl; after all, says Belinda plaintively, that's the sort of news you can't shout out of the windows after a man. And so she keeps youthful of temper, this mother, and obtains consolation for her grass-widowhood by encouraging proposals from a quaintly associated pair of suitors—a young poet and a pragmatic statistician. The growing up of her daughter and the reappearance of her husband, lead to droll complications, of which the playwright makes clever use. He keeps, however, his poet and his statistician in rivalry over-long, and so does some unkindness to Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and Mr. Boucicault respectively, both of whom are so amusing that it is a shame they should seem to outstay their welcome. But if their parts need a little cutting, and that of Mr. Ben Webster as husband requires a little brightening, Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Belinda has some of the best comedy opportunities she has ever enjoyed, and some of the wittiest things to say that have ever fallen her way. She revels in the little woman's frivolities, handles her rôle

with all the artistry and high spirits of a consummate virtuoso given a holiday task. Acting such as this, to which Miss Isobel Elsom's is the right foil, is a joy and a privilege to witness.

The W.A.A.C. may well be content and proud at its Royal recognition, for her Majesty the Queen has paid the Corps the high tribute of becoming its Commandant-in-Chief. The admirable and valuable work done by the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is well known to those who have followed it from the first. The Secretary of the War Office states: "As a mark of her Majesty's appreciation of the good services rendered by the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, both at home and abroad, since its inauguration, and especially of the distinction which it has earned in France by its work for the armies during the recent fighting on the Western Front, the Queen has been graciously pleased to assume the position and title of Commandant-in-Chief of the Corps, which in future will bear the name of "Queen Mary's Women's Army Auxiliary Corps." The "Waacs" could desire no more gracious and honourable favour than the Queen has awarded them.



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